

Georgie's Gab

After me and paw and the Pupp Had Lived on paw's Cooked Four days paw says:

"Well, I ain't a'gon to put up with this Outrage any longer. I B'at up against some Cold proppositions in my Time and I was Run over by a Skorch-er Wunst. But this here Thing of Bein left to Starve by a Heartless Woman while She's away eaten Fritters and frosted Cake three times a Day is a Little Bit the Worst Thing that ever happened to me and I ain't took my sistern a Bit of Good."

It tumbled my Hart to Look at paw. He had a rad countenance and a'out 47 Groove Spots on his Bizness Scar. The Pupp was the only one who Seemed to Git along all right on Paw's cook-en. Bevoe he wasent brot up to be per- fect about his Vitriles and got most of the stuff paw cooked for Me and himself.

So paw Sed we was gon to Go and Git maw and Little Albert and the next Day we went on the Three o'clock trane. We got the Rawsons to keep the pup- till we Got Back, and when we come out of the Deapo after paw Rot His ticket the pupp was there Lookin up in paw's face and Waggen His tale Like if he joke was on somebody else.

"Blame that Dawg," paw says, "if I Had a Club that would be a nock out rite here in One Round, and it wouldn't be no Chance blow neether."

But the trane come along in about a minit and paw grabbed the pupp when the Conducker was Looken the other way and we got in. The pupp lade Down under the Seat and Kep purty quiet till it was Time to Git out the Ticket. After the conducker punched paw's and put a Little red card in his hat he held out his hand and says:

"Where's the Boy?"

"Ain't that your Boy?" paw ast.

"Yes," paw old Him, "but he's Too young to say."

"That Don't go on this Road," the Conducker Says. "He'll be shavin Twiet a week in a year or so. Come on now, I ain't got no Time to Listen to no Stories about Dates in the Fam- ily Bible."

"I guess you must be a new man here," paw Says. "You Don't no the general manager of This Company is my uncle. Do you? What's your name?"

The Conducker Looked kind of stedy at paw for a minute and then sed:

"All rite."

So he went on punchin the Tickets, and after he was up at the other End of the Car paw Says:

"They ain't nothin Like Havin' nurve and Keepin' your Wits about you. I Hope you'll take after me and always no Bluff to keep Cool and Cumm When you Git in the places. I wouldn't of Done a Thing Like That only this Rode run over a Cow for Uncle Henry Wunst and Wouldn't pay nothin."

Purty soon the Conducker Came Back and Leaned against the Seat in front of us, and Says to paw:

"So the General manager is one of your family, is he? When was you in to see the old gentleman last?"

"About a week ago," paw Says.

"It's a pity about His health, Ain't it?"

"Yes, I Couldn't Help notusen He was fallen party Fast. I Told him he was Foolish to work so hard. He ot to take a Rest."

"I spose you didn't ast him fer a pass Bevoe you felt so Sorry for Him," the Conducker Says.

"Oh, no," paw anserd, "I Didn't no I was Goin then and I ain't Had no time to Tond to it since."

"Look here," the Conducker Says, purty mad, "The General manager's Been in Yoorn for Six months, and if He had emy Reelashes like you I don't Spose He'd Ever Come Back to try to live it Down. Now I want a Ticket for that Boy."

Then the pupp Seen that was Sum- thing rone Goin on So he Crawled out From under the Seat and Begin to Bark.

"Where's the Rest of the Family," the Conducker ast. "You ain't got a goile or a cuff or a goose or anythin like that with you, Besides the Boy and the Dawg, Have you?"

"Don't ast funny," paw says, Givin the pupp a kick that made everybod- y in the car take an interest. One man Jst Behind us Holfredd:

"I guess you made a mistake. You wanted to Git on the Cattle Trane, Didn't you?" and another one on the other side says to the Conducker:

"You Better Scorch Him. Mebbe he Has a Rabbit or Two Consaled about his person."

Then paw Stood up and Shook his fist at Them and Holfredd:

"You Fellers ot to Git a Job With Some Sho. Them Jokes is So Brite the publick would go Crazy over Them."

Everybody in the Car Laft. But me and paw Couldn't tell whether it was at the other fellers or us.

So paw settled fer me and we Took the pupp and went in the Skorch-er and the next Stashen was where we Got off.

When me and paw and the Pupp was standen on the platform All alone and the Trane had went on I says:

"Paw, Did you Haft to lura to keep ol and seat in the places or did it come natched to You?"

"Aw, he set His satchel Down kind low and put his Hand on mi Hed and says:

"Aw, yes, Sum day you are gon to be a man, and be a man if your life is saved and mebbe you'll be a Chit- ren. Then when that's in the Times of your trouble and you that where they ot to Have Lave fer no that where they ain't nothin But Dis- spects you will no what it is to be a feller with a Surpent's tooth Bitten at your Hart. Say, if you tell the folks everything about what I have comin out Here I'll break every Bone in your body!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

GAR'S MANNER OF FIGHTING.

Habits of a Hawaiian Species Made Fishing Dangerous.

This is a fish story, but it is true if the writing of a man who signs "F. R. G. S." after his name could for fact. We all know the "gar," a long, thin, gentle- man like an elongated pickled that of- ten occupies a stall in our fish markets.

They rarely attain a length of over twelve inches here, but at Anu, Fiji, and thereabouts they grow much larger and the bill, armed with sharp teeth, is a weapon to be dreaded. The fish bask habitually at the very surface of the water and become extremely excited and in the larger specimens vi- cious at the slightest alarm.

The gentleman who describes the in- cident was collecting specimens of shells along the reef in the Anu Islands, natives towing the boat along the by- ways, tossing the useless specimens and bunches of coral overboard again. In doing this he noticed that almost in- variably the large gars that were in the vicinity would start out of the wa- ter and dash away at headlong speed, glancing in and out of the water like a shot. One of the fish coming near the boat, he observed that as soon as its direction could be determined the na- tive lifted up a peculiar flat basket that he carried and held it as a shield, at the same time raising his chin.

The idea of using a basket as a shield seemed a comical one, but was never- theless a good one, as a few moments later a native some 300 yards to the left lifted a huge branch of coral and, find- ing nothing in it, hurled it back again. It fell with a loud crash and almost in- stantly four or five gars darted from the water, rushed away with incredi- ble speed. Two of the largest came fly- ing toward the boat, clearing the water and glancing out again, and the native had barely time to utter a warn- ing cry when one of them passed di- rectly over where his head had been a moment before. The other came full at the native. For a second it was under the water, then out with a bound, flash- ing in the sunlight like a meteor.

The quick eye of the native, however, had followed it, and stepping back, he raised the thick basket shield and re- ceived the flying gar full upon it. The blow was so heavy that for the instant the man staggered and was nearly thrown over, while the fish, evidently stunned and confused by this sudden arrest of its progress, lashed the water about him into foam. A spear was soon put into it and the dangerous liv- ing arrow thrown into the boat.—Hawaiian Weekly.

Cacti in a Bot Le.

A new method of growing cacti has been discovered in the botanical gar- dens of Berlin. All that is required is a shapely bottle, a little rich earth and a few cactus seeds that can be bought of any florist for a few cents. Bottles in which creme de menthe or some of the other cordials usually come, are well adapted to this purpose on account of the clearness of the glass and the grace of their shape.

Having secured the bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and then put earth in it un- til the bottom is covered to a height of about an inch. Sprinkle this earth well, almost soaking wet, and then throw in three or four cactus seeds. Close the bottle snugly with a tight-fitting cork and seal it close with sealing wax. Tie a strong cord around the neck of the bottle and hang it in a window that the sun reaches for at least several hours every day. In cold weather the bottle must not be exposed. The living room, with a constant temperature of 70 de- grees or more, suits the experiment ad- mirably. Then the entire process of growth can be watched with no small interest. The opening and rooting of the seeds, and the gradual development of the plants will follow, almost as if by magic.

London Tailors Do Not Fit.

"The best that can be said of the clothes imported by American men from London is that they are well made," said Nelson R. Huntington of New York, who has spent years abroad in the study of the hospitals. "They never fit. Indeed, the art of misfit seems to be carefully studied. The garments of both men and women never set well, and even the actresses, who are supposed to be exacting, suffer from the inability or indisposition of the English tailors to fit the figure. The finish, however, shows fine and thorough workmanship. The French achieve better fits, but the work is atrocious, making the best garments look cheap and hurried. Not even im- portant buttons are secure. American tailors and dressmakers surpass every- thing in Europe in making a fit, and the finish compares favorably with the English. The New-Yorkers who im- port garments made by Poole and other fashionable London tailors had them refitted by American tailors until a year or two ago, when the latter re- fused to touch them at any price."—Philadelphia North American.

The Last Opportunity.

The late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the com- mon knowledge of his skepticism. One of these related to a visit which he once made to Rev. Phillips Brooks, be- fore Doctor Brooks became a bishop. Calling on Doctor Brooks, he was re- fused admission because, as the ser- vant said, it was "sermon day" and some of Doctor Brooks' own home peo- ple had already been denied admission. But Doctor Brooks learned that Ingersoll was at the door, and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colonel Ingersoll was about to leave, he said: "Doctor Brooks, your man told me that you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a stranger?"

"Oh, that's quite easy," said Doctor Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but I don't like to see them here, and I shall probably never meet them again."

Bridegroom Sent Away.

A Polishman's bridegroom, conspicu- ous by his absence during the wed- ding festivities. As soon as negotia- tions are opened with the family of the bride, the young man is "sent into the bush," and there he is obliged to stay until the wedding ceremony is com- pleted.

Will Be Disappointing.

An English scientist shows that liquid air cannot do the great thing ex- pected of it as a source of power or of refrigeration. The cost of manu- facture is such that it cannot pay to use the air pro- duced by the evaporation of an engine. For refrigeration a lump of ice beats a bot- tle of the liquid air.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Ju- venile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and, having threat- ened a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cot- ton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment, when he finds there is no end to it, will give plenty of innocent fun.

A Narrow Escape. Mary's doll and Anna's. Are slipping cambric tea. And there are as happy. As dolls well can be. See! a lion enters.



Also an Indian brave. Oh, the hapless dollies! Will no one come to save?

Haste, fond little mothers, Wherever you may be.



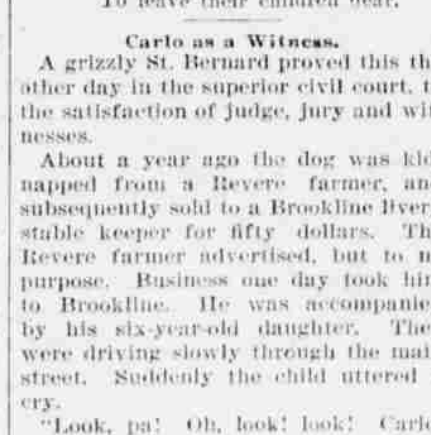
If you don't come quickly Dead dollies we shall see. Here they come a-charging!



This does not look like fun— Indian brave and lion Conclude 'tis best to run.



Were you scared, sweet babies? Well, now, no longer fear, Nothing again shall tempt them To leave their children dear.



Carlo as a Witness. A grizzly St. Bernard proved this the other day in the superior civil court, to the satisfaction of judge, jury and wit- nesses.

About a year ago the dog was kid- napped from a Revere farmer, and subsequently sold to a Brookline livery stable keeper for fifty dollars. The Revere farmer advertised, but to no purpose. Business one day took him to Brookline. He was accompanied by his six-year-old daughter. They were driving slowly through the main street. Suddenly the child uttered a cry.

"Look, pa! Oh, look! look! Carlo! Carlo!"

There on the green, with tail extend- ed and eye dilated, his great, blue- trembling with the excitement caused by that voice he loved, stood kid- napped "Carlo."

"Oh, come, Carlo!" cried the child, eagerly. "There was a merry bark, and the dog was by the side of the wagon in a twinkling, wagging his bushy tail and prancing in doggyish glee. The farmer of course took possession of the dog. The Brookline lady laid his grievance before the court."

It took two days to hear the case. The complainant put in evidence to show that he purchased the dog of the man who reared him. On the other hand, the defendant described every mark and scar on the dog.

"I think I'll postpone the trial in or- der to have the dog in court as a wit- ness," said the judge.

A deputy sheriff brought the canine to court the day following. "Carlo!" called the livery stable keep- er. The dog only snuffed and moved uneasily.

"Oh, Carlo Carlo!" cried the farmer's child. The huge St. Bernard's tail went round. In another second he was bounding down the corridor to his mis- tress. The case then was submitted to the jury, and after five minutes' de- liberating the jury returned with a ver- dict for the farmer.—Boston Daily Traveler.

A Cat That Uses Its Living.

That was rather a useful cat of East Whittington's, but it did not display a very positive kind of usefulness, as the

store cat of a Sioux City grocery firm does. Tom—that is the grocery cat—is a very familiar figure to the custom- ers, for he is always behind the coun- ter with the clerks. When a bundle is tied and the string must be broken then it is that Tom springs up and runs along the counter, grabs the string in his teeth and with a deft bite and yank parts it. It is all done so quickly and is so astonishing that the customers think their eyes must have deceived them, as Tom cuddles down again and begins to purr cheerfully, waiting for another chance to cut the string. The grocery firm would not take a good deal of money for their cat, and he is most carefully provided for.

Small for His Age. "Grandfather," said a saucy little boy the other day, "how old are you?"

The old gentleman, who was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees and said: "My dear boy, I am 85 years old, but why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied: "Well, it seems to me you are very small for your age."

Pie that "Ate" Well. Ted's friend treated him to a piece of pie. It was so good that he wanted another, but thought it would not be polite to ask for it. So he sidled up to her and said: "Miss Turk, that pie eats well."

Startling News. At the close of Mabel's first day at school she came home, and running to her mother she said: "Oh, mamma, one little girl was tidy and the teacher sent her home for a sulkiness."

USELESS QUESTIONS.

The Bane of the Patient and Long-Suffering Doctor Mar.

Every profession has its petty annoy- ances, but probably the medical profes- sion, above all others, from the mys- teries attached to the human body, is more subjected to foolish and silly ques- tions. A physician may spend the day, indeed, much of the twenty-four hours, in seeing cases, and, as a recreation, he may drop in socially to see a friend or attend a dinner or some other social attraction, and at once his neighbors begin to talk about the "wonderful" and "marvelous" things of the company will ask, "Doctor, is there much sick- ness in the city?" as if the poor physi- cian was a collector of statistics or knew just what the condition of the city was. Another person will call across the table or room, "Doctor, do you think I ought to be vaccinated?" and probably some especially scintillat- ing member will say that she does not believe in vaccination, which, of course, settles matters at once.

The wise physician will keep quiet at such times and not let himself into a wild discussion which can lead to no- thing between persons of unequal mental attainments. There is a temptation al- ways to talk "shop," especially by those not in the "shop." The lawyer is asked his opinion in the parlor; the physician is consulted on the street corner. Such advice is worth usually just what it costs the person asking it, namely, noth- ing. No man should be called on to give an opinion for no remuneration when such an opinion may later cost not only time and money, but when it may, in a measure, involve the reputa- tion of the person giving it.

If the public is to be instructed at all it should certainly be taught not to force any man to "talk shop" morning, noon and night.

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What boy ever left boarding-school without carrying away with him a stock, small or great, of stories "out" of his masters?

The author of "Memories of Eton and Etonians" has carried sev- eral with him through life, and now sets them down for a new generation of schoolboys.

In 1850, he writes, I had rather a long spell of the Rev. Russell Day, or "Lit- tle Day," as he was called. He never prompted, and at the very first mis- take you were dismissed at once with, "Write it out, my friend." As "writing out" took us some twenty minutes, most of us got into the habit of writing it out beforehand in preference to spending a long time trying to learn it, and then being called upon by "my friend" to write it out at the very first breakdown.

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But Mr. Day's natural temper was sunny. A boy who had been com- plained of received a summons to stay after school, which being interpreted meant, make ready for a whipping.

"What may your name be?" asked the master of the frightened youth.

"Cole, sir," replied the boy.

"Then, my friend," said Little Day, "I think you had better scuttie!"

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Mrs. Baker was almost the last of a group of eccentricities long contributive to the charm of Stratford. The only survivor of the old group is Kite, the son of the "old sexton" of the Sketch Book, now upward of 80 years of age. It was Kite who conducted Sir Walter Scott through the Shakespeare church in April, 1828, on the occasion of the great Scotsman's last visit.

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